The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home

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Don Quixote.

BEHIND thy pasteboard, on thy battered hack,
Thy lean cheek striped with plaster to and fro,
Thy long spear levelled at the unseen foe,
And doubtful Sancho trudging at thy back,
Thou wert a figure strange enough, good lack
To make wiseacredom, both high and low,
Rub purblind eyes, and (having watched thee go)
Despatch its Dogberrys upon thy track:
Alas! poor Knight! Alas! poor soul possest!
Yet would to-day, when Courtesy grows chill,
And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest,
Some fire of thine might burn within us still!
Ah! would but one might lay his lance in rest,
And charge in earnest—were it but a mill.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Fishers of Men.

A SERMON BY THE LATE HENRY BONNER.

"And He saith unto them, Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."—*Matt iv., 19.*

ONE often wishes in reading the Gospels that we had a more detailed account, and a more consecutive account, of the early relations of Christ and His disciples. We have only two or three glimpses of their intercourse for the first twelve months or more. This call, as it is given by St. Matthew, seems to stand at the beginning of the ministry, but the probability is that it was not given till more than a year after their first meeting, as recorded in the first chapter of St. John. After that meeting and the few days they spent together, it would seem that the disciples went back to their work and to their homes. They had come then under the influence which was to change all their life,

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It has never been subsidised, and occupies an absolutely independent position. But it is a welcome guest in many a Church and home, and we confidently appeal to our friends to make it more widely known. It has only one object—to serve the cause of Liberal Christianity by providing thoughtful literature in a popular form, which may strengthen the faith of the faithful, and enlighten the darkness of the dark.

The *Seed Sower* is admirably adapted for localising, and facilities are provided for that purpose. The circulation is already larger than that of any other magazine or journal published to meet the wants of our Free Churches. It gives a larger amount of matter, and every increase of circulation will be used to secure increased efficiency.

All business communications should be addressed to
MR. ARNOLD WOOD, WHITEHALL CHAMBERS, COLMORE ROW, BIRMINGHAM.
Letters for the Editor to be sent to 120, Gough Road, Birmingham.

and remake them as men. But it did not disturb them in their outward relations, or break the run of their outward life. In that first year, of which we have scarcely any record, one may suppose that they saw Christ now and then, had talks, and perhaps made two or three journeys with Him. The thoughts Christ had started in their minds, the life He had set running, were maturing. A great deal must have gone on during these twelve months; they were coming to know Christ better, to feel the greatness of His character. Christ was impressing them more deeply, acquiring greater influence over them. They would wonder what was going to become of this new companionship; perhaps they had already begun to dream those dreams of earthly greatness which break out so strangely in the story of their companionship with Christ.

But at last there comes this eventful day of their lives, the day of their call. They were fishing, and Christ came to them and spoke the word which cut them adrift from their old paths, and turned the current of their life. One cannot but wonder what was said: whether there was any talk between them, or whether Christ just spoke His imperial word. There is that gleam of playfulness in His words to them which we often hear in His speech to men, the linking of simple things to great things—"Follow Me, and I will make you *fishers of men.*"

I suppose the lives of these men before Christ found them and called them, were simple, quiet, and uneventful. We know from what we see of them afterwards that they were not common men; they must have had their thoughts about things, thoughts which ran far beyond their boats and nets and fishing. Still externally they lived quiet lives, and of a fairly easy sort. Their occupation on the Lake of Galilee was not dangerous; their wants were few; they had their homes and friends. They were face to face with nature; they lived under a bright and sunny sky. They had their cares and troubles no doubt; these are found wherever there are men, rich or poor. Still, on the whole, one would think it was a free and happy sort of life they lived.

And Christ comes to them with His call to another kind of fishing—"I will make you fishers of men." One cannot help but wonder again how the call fell on their ears, what they thought of it, what they expected it would lead to. Perhaps they mixed it up with their dreams of greatness. We do not know how they flung their nets aside, whether eagerly and gladly as young and ambitious men when they have a career open to them, or hesitatingly and only because they felt there was no appeal from Christ's call. "Fishers of men." That might seem to them far more interesting than the old kind of fishing. They would know that Christ had some great work on hand, and they would understand it as a call to have part in it. They left their nets and followed Him straightway, and from that day their life takes on another character. The ease and security and freedom from care and responsibility that marked their fishing days are gone for ever. They begin to go about with Christ, sharing His work. They begin to have part, though only a small part at first, in the anxiety of it. They stand with Him as He ministers to the sick, as He expounds those truths which have enriched mankind for ever. They walk with Him beside the lake and through the corn-fields, talking of many things, and with many a laugh and many a merry word, but coming back always, we may easily believe, to the things of the Kingdom. New hopes, new interests, are taking possession of them; they are beginning to feel the weight of new responsibilities. They are learning what it is to be "fishers of men." That goes on for a couple of years; they are learning of Christ beyond what they know. And then comes what seems the ruin of all their hopes: Christ crucified; the things they had expected—the redemption of Israel, the setting up of a kingdom, plans of prominence for themselves—all are vain hopes.

But soon they see that the work and the Kingdom of Christ are far grander than they had dreamed; that, instead of the work of Christ being ended, it is just beginning. And they discern what their own mission is, and what Christ meant when He said, "I will make you fishers of men." And their real work as fishers of men begins then. They start at

once on that mission which has never ceased for a single day for nearly two thousand years. These men, who a few years before had been simple fishermen on the Sea of Galilee, begin the active work of the greatest change that history tells us of. A stupendous task! A dozen men, without position, or learning, or influence, going to change religious institutions! They began with their own countrymen, and were soon met with opposition and persecution. Then they were scattered about, one in one city, another in another, preaching the Gospel they had heard from Christ and founding churches. They were cut off from their friends, from their old home, separated from each other. Here they were passed by with indifference, there they were persecuted; at one place listened to eagerly, at another forbidden to speak. They went with their lives in their hands, preaching the new way. They knew what it was at last to be fishers of men. Was it different from what they had thought when the call had come to them that summer morning by the lake? Did they look back at times to the free and careless life of other days regretfully? Were there times when the work seemed hopeless, when it seemed that nothing was being accomplished? Responsibilities, persecutions, anxieties, hardships, endurance, conflicts with men—this was their lot. And, if anything, their lives became harder as the years passed by. Of the four men who are mentioned here, three—Peter, Andrew, and James—laid down their life in their work. Thus did these men's lives widen and grow heavy with responsibilities, and at last great by noble service. They were like a little boat that had slipped out of the sheltered bay on to the wide sea, for all the winds and storms to beat on it. When Christ called them, their cares were about their boats and nets, their lives sheltered and quiet and unbroken by conflict; the work to which He called them multiplied their cares, laid heavy burdens on them, demanded great sacrifices.

We see, in this history I have sketched, these men pass out from the narrower to the larger life, from a smaller to a larger world, from comparative ease and tranquility to conflict and care and toil they had little dreamed of. This is the way, more or less, with those who are going to have a hand in the work to which Christ calls us all, as much, as truly, as He called these men—the work of helping on the better cause among men, of labouring for the spread of truth, for the improvement of mankind, for the diminution of ignorance, of crime, of unhappiness—in a word, all who labour for the coming of the Kingdom of God. As soon as a man or a woman puts a hand to this work in any form, if there is earnestness and devotion and a serious interest in the matter, their cares begin to multiply, they lay themselves open to vexation, thwartings, disappointments; they increase the load they must carry. The careless, easy life is broken up; life becomes more toilsome, more difficult. Fishing for men! Is there any harder work under the sun to those whose heart is in it, whatever the form of it? I do not think there is.

A man is moved by the misery which is to be found in our large towns; thinks he ought to do something to reduce it if possible, if only a very little. And he begins in some way. He soon finds it is a hard task. Teach the ignorant? The ignorant do not want to be taught. Rescue the intemperate? The intemperate do not want to be rescued. Reclaim the vicious? They do not want to be reclaimed. He finds men are hard to move, hard to lift. It seems sometimes as if his labour were like pouring water into a sieve.

Or a man sees some social grievance or some injustice, and he thinks he ought to do something to put it straight. He thinks he has only to draw attention to it, and there will be plenty of willing hands to put it out of the way. But it is not so. He perhaps has to preach for many a month, or many a year, to men before he can even get them to look at it. Men who take hold of social and political questions on the higher side, and have their heart in them, ask themselves sometimes, Is it worth all this labour and conflict and disappointment? I have noticed that three statesmen within about the last twelve months have said that if it were a matter of inclination, of pleasing themselves simply, they would throw up politics at once.

Some of you are engaged in humbler work, or at least work on a humbler scale. You have a little plot in the vineyard where you are trying to grow something better than weeds. It is in the Sunday school, or among the poor, or in the early morning school. Your work, if you have taken it to heart, has brought you, I am sure, a deeper sense of responisbility, increased your cares. You have got to some extent, other lives in your care. And you think how you can best help them.

There is no harder work than that which lies with men. Ignorance, a twisted nature, broken morals, broken character—how difficult it is to handle these! And no man is any good at this kind of work who does not bring his heart to it, into whom it does not get as a care and responsibility. Christ must give Himself, pour out His life, pour out His blood, if He is to save the world. And it is true in a measure of all saviours. You cannot save a man from any evil without giving a bit of your own life.

But if the lives of these men were harder, if they were weighted with heavier responsibilities, and thrust into fierce conflicts, how much greater and how much nobler did their lives become! How impressive is the story of their career! When Christ finds them they are fishermen. He made them the greatest missionaries, the greatest reformers, the world has ever known. They have written their names deep in history; their influence has gone through half the world. No doubt in after years they had their moments of weariness and despondency, but do you think they would ever have changed the apostolic life, with all its dangers and its hardships, for the old fishing life? No; they had passed into a greater life.

And this is true in substance of all who engage in this work. A more arduous life, more care, more responsibility, more disappointments and greater disappointments, but a larger life. Your heart learns to throb with the beat of the world's heart. You hear the world's cry, share in the world's life. Some of you would not be what you are, your lives would not be as good as they are, if it were not for the work you have been engaged in. It has taken some of your time, money, brought you vexation; but you are the better for it. It has opened your heart, given you a larger interest in things, enlarged your world.

Renshaw St. Domestic Mission, Hulme, Manchester.

Though Manchester Domestic Mission began its work in Hulme as long ago as 1859, the Hulme Mission did not acquire its present local habitation and name till 1883, when the building in Renshaw Street, specially erected for it, was opened on Oct. 14th. Before that date it had occupied in succsion temporary quarters in three other streets of the district. Its first minister, still remembered by many with respect and affection, was the late Rev. James Harrop. Mr. Harrop held office from the beginning to 1893, a period of more than thirty-three years, and was succeeded by the Rev. S. H. Street, B.A., whose ministry closed in April, 1901. Since September, 1901, the Rev. A. W. Timmis has been minister.

Not a history of Renshaw Street Mission, but a brief account of what it now is and is doing, is to be given here. Reference must, however, be made to the near past. In his first annual report Mr. Timmis called attention to the fact, previously noted by Mr. Street, that there was urgent need of new class-rooms for the Sunday School, as well as for various week-day uses. Mrs. James Worthington, whose name, since her lamented death, it is allowable to mention, offered to give £1,000 towards the improvement of the Mission premises, and her generous offer was accepted. Two sets of plans were prepared by an architect. One of these provided for a large and most desirable extension of the building. But it involved the purchase of a piece of land for which, with the houses thereon, the owners demanded an exorbitant price, and was set aside as, for a time at least, impracticable, though it had Mrs. Workington's approval. The alternative scheme, which her gift more than sufficed to pay for, has been carried out. In 1904 the necessary structural alteration was effected, and the whole interior was tastefully decorated in the following year. A sufficient

description of the building, as it now is, can be given in few words. The basement contains lavatories, kitchen, and stove of heating apparatus. On the ground floor is the school-room, with six class-rooms opening out of it, and one that does not. Three other class-rooms are upstairs, but somewhat below the level of the chapel. The chapel, capable of holding 250 or 300 worshippers, and far from mean or dingy in appearance, is over the school. In some respects the Mission still falls short of the modern idea of what such a building should be. It has, for instance, no room in which a Men's Club, open without restriction to the men of the neighbourhood, could meet: not one of the ten class-rooms is large enough to hold a full-sized billiard-table. But it affords good accommodation for about 300 Sunday scholars, and opportunities of recreation to the same young people on week-days; and for these purposes it is well used.

The regular Sunday meetings are children's morning service (average attendance 40 to 50), afternoon school, and evening service (at which a congregation of 70 or 80 is counted good). The Sunday School is selected for special mention. With rather more than 300 scholars on the register, nearly one-sixth of whom are over 16 years of age, there is an average attendance of about 240. There are 15 classes, not one of them without a teacher. The common difficulty of finding teachers has sometimes been acutely felt at Renshaw Street; but just now the school is very fortunate in this respect. Within the last nine months it has been encouraged by the coming of five educated young ladies, all very much in earnest, to fill vacant places. The Rev. E. P. Barrow, of Cross Street Chapel, teaches the Young Men's Class once a fortnight. Six teachers were formerly pupils in the school.

Every week-day evening, except Saturday, during the six months from October to March the Mission is used for meetings of young people connected with the Sunday School. The following is a list of such meetings held last season, and to be resumed when the time for them comes again:—*Young Men's Club:* open for scholars and teachers of the school and for regular attendants at the Sunday Evening Service; 25 members. *Boys' Club;* 13 members. *Senior Girls' Club:* 18 members. *Junior Girls' Club:* 20 members. *Girls' Drill Class:* instructed in Ling's Swedish system of exercises by a trained lady teacher, continued this year through the summer, 18 members. *Children's Play Hour:* 80 or 90 little boys and girls, under due control, made a playground of the school once a week. *Band of Hope.* (A Temperance Society of another kind will be organised before next winter. The majority of the more intelligent young men and women attached to our Mission are total abstainers, and would be interested in discussing questions of Temperance reform.) *Singing Class;* 22 members, young men and women, taught to sing from notes (staff notation) by a very able lady teacher, met every Wednesday.

A social meeting on the first Saturday of each month in the winter season is always well attended; and both the Young Men's and the Senior Girls' Club conclude their session with an evening party, at which the favourite amusement is dancing, and the behaviour of the dancers is generally all that could be desired. Congregational tea-parties are held occasionally. There are concerts and other entertainments, and sometimes a lecture. The Dramatic Society, now two years old, has given some very creditable performances.

Outdoor recreation is more difficult to arrange than indoor. Nothing in that way is provided for girls—unless the Whitsuntide excursion and the summer holiday be counted. For boys and young men there is the cricket club (two elevens), which has had this year, so far, a highly successful career, and is becoming healthily ambitious. Sunday scholars enjoy the privilege of a cheap summer holiday among the Derbyshire hills, at the Great Hucklow Holiday Home, belonging to the Manchester District Sunday School Association. Every summer since the Home was built, about 100 young folk, mostly children, from Renshaw Street have spent a week there. Two-thirds, or thereabouts, of the cost is paid by the holiday-makers, and the other third by benevolent friends. A Mothers' Party, made up from several Missions—Renshaw Street usually sending

about twenty—also inhabits the Home for a week each year. Such institutions as Miss Lee's Cottage Home at Swinton, and the Rest House, maintained by the Misses Greg at Wilmslow, likewise confer a great boon on poor women in need of rest and change. Many poor people can hardly ever leave their work or domestic duties even for a few days at a time; and it is marvellous—pathetic too, in one aspect—what pleasure, and positive benefit to health as well, these will get from a drive and a day, or long half-day, in the country, with a little hospitable entertainment. One could wish that in this matter other societies or kind-hearted individuals would follow the good example of Dunham Road Congregation at Altrincham, and the Sale Social Guild.

Renshaw Street Mission is not situated in the poorest part of Hulme. It is almost within a stone's throw of Owen's College, and of two great thoroughfares. Nobody, however, who had taken the trouble to look for them could deny or doubt the presence in its neighbourhood of terrible cases of poverty. And no one taking part, in whatever capacity, in the work of the Mission could well doubt that it is needed and useful where it is. The building, as already stated, does not come up to the modern standard of commodiousness. For lack of the necessary rooms, several kinds of social service, performed with conspicuous success at some Missions, cannot be attempted here. Week-day activities have to be organised with a view, almost exclusively, for the needs of young people in the Sunday School.

It does seem a pity, when others are doing so much—when Manchester Congregationalists are going to erect close by a fine Institutional Church, *i.e.* Mission, at a cost of £25,000—that the work of Manchester Domestic Mission in Hulme should be hampered and restricted by want of money. But, when circumstances are not quite to one's taste, it is well to think of compensations; and one compensation was suggested for the minister of Renshaw Street Domestic Mission by the remark of a lady visitor who came to address the Girl's Club on trade unions for women, members of the Young Men's Club being also present. She said to the minister afterwards, while he was seeing her home, "You seem like a happy family party at your Mission." It is a work worth doing to supply to the elder scholars at a Sunday School what they cannot find in their own homes; and social service on a small scale may be, in quality and intensity, great service.

When I am Reincarnated.

By A. G.

When I am reincarnated,
If I could choose, what would I be?
Perhaps the pretty wood-thrush there
That daily sings in yonder tree;
For how, in any other form,
Could I dispense more pure delight
Than notes of liquid melody
Awake in breasts at morn and night?

Yet, when I'm reincarnated,
I sometimes think I'd like to be
A violin, much-used and old,
And always handled lovingly
By one who understood full well
The music in my soul that dwelt,
And helped me bear to other hearts
The rapture mine so oft has felt.

Still,—if I'm reincarnated,—
How could I, could I other be
Than once again the little child
In mother's arms, on father's knee?
For though the pleasure I might give
Were mixed, alas! with much alloy,
Yet—such my present selfishness—
For self I could not miss the joy.

There is an atheism which still repeats the creed. Many of us who call ourselves theists are like the savages who, in the desire to honour the wonderful sun-dial which had been given them, built a roof over it. Break down the roof: let God in on your daily life.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Sleeplessness.

A very good American monthly magazine has devoted two articles to this subject of Sleeplessness (or, as the doctors call it, "Insomnia"), which is assuredly quite as interesting to us as to readers on the other side of the Atlantic. Last winter a gentleman gave a lecture at the Royal Institution, in Albemarle Street, in which he made the bold assertion that the way to secure sound sleep at night was to work very hard day by day, on the principle that "the sleep of the labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much." A visible shudder passed over several benches of the learned assembly at this unqualified statement, for not a few of the occupants knew that their labours, being of the brain and not of the hands, it was precisely the excess of work which too often deprived them of the visits of Somnus. The Rev. Edward Hale, in the articles to which we have referred, says that the evil of Sleeplessness is rapidly increasing in America—as it undoubtedly is in England—from this single cause of over-exertion of the brain, kept up for too many hours at a time, or at hours when such exertion interferes with digestion. Other causes of Sleeplessness, of course, have always been common, such as physical pain, anxiety, and either excessive heat and food, or excessive cold and hunger. But the special sort of "Insomnia" which haunts in our day the men of literature, of science, and of commerce, is quite different from that which comes from unsuitable external conditions. It comes from the state of the man's own brain, and must be treated accordingly.

Of course, the first and obvious counsel is, "Give up over-work." But to many persons such advice is like telling their hearts not to beat. They *must* work; they must work even more hours in the day than the laws of health will altogether sanction. All that can be done for them is to point out how to regulate those hours so as to insure the minimum of injury, and to conjure sleep in spite of them by whatever mode may seem available. The first thing to be understood is, that there must be no *night*-work; that is, no mental labour after the last meal before going to bed. Mr. Hale says that the health of the children in New-England schools is destroyed by the practice of giving them lessons to learn of an evening. Their tender brains are excited to remember their tasks just when they ought to be left perfectly calm to allow the processes of nature to go on unobstructed; and the habit of passing wakeful nights is established before they are many years out of the nursery. Every physician in this country likewise, when consulted by a literary patient, begins at the outset by prohibiting night-work, and threatens the Member of Parliament that the late hours of the night passed amid the excitement of debates will ruin his constitution. Where a man is free to choose his own hours for work, it is clear he ought to select the very earliest possible in the day, beginning, it may be, at dawn, or yet earlier in winter, and then concluding his labours in time for some afternoon exercise or, at latest, for a dinner at seven or eight o'clock. But where this is impossible, where a man must needs work by night, there is yet something to be done to prevent all the mischief which thence generally ensues. He should defer his final meal till the hour when his work ends—whenever that may be—and go to bed soon after it, without permitting himself to recur for a moment to any kind of brain exertion. The practice of eating suppers, which tells heavily against the idle and luxurious, seems absolutely needful to repair the waste effected on the busy by brain-work done at night. Let a man go to his bed five or six hours after his dinner, and having in the interval made an eloquent speech, or written a sermon or an article, and the consequences will almost infallibly be that his feet will grow cold, his head hot and thoughtful; and sleep will seem further off every minute. If in such straits he resolutely rises, takes some food, and then returns to bed, the cause of his previous uneasiness will be revealed. As old Dr. Watts told us that

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do,"

so it is pretty clear Nature finds something extremely disagreeable to occupy idle insides, and only when the internal kitchen downstairs is fairly supplied, is there any peace to be enjoyed in the library up in the skull.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

The Best Things.

The ideal of life's values varies with the individual. Which are the best things to strive for? If the question were asked of a hundred persons, the answers would vary with the temperament, development, circumstances, and accidents of these individuals. The aimless and drifting population is so much vaster than those who have a clear vision of life's real good and how to achieve it that only the few, the thinkers, the purposeful, the clear of sight and strong of will, can be said to set out in life with a definite aim, a beacon light toward which they steer across the shifting waves of experience.

But there certainly are best things to strive for, in which the young might be instructed, —things of moral and spiritual import that should be made to glow beautiful and pure in the eyes of youth as the Holy Grail shone in the sight of Galahad. The personal relation of the creature to God and the universe which our fathers prized is still, in a new and better way, the all-important thing. We do not find that much instruction is given in this in our schools and colleges, or even in our churches. The teaching of dogma has properly fallen into desuetude, but a new emphasis is needed on the relation of the individual to spiritual things. This new emphasis will constitute a new faith.

The best thing is to have an eye single to God's service, to place this absolutely above all other aims, not necessarily to prate of it, to go about preaching and proclaiming it on street corners,—a practice which Jesus himself discouraged—but to preach through the life, to have in the secret recesses of the soul a sanctuary and a shrine wherein all things of this world are sanctified to the advancement of the kingdom of the spirit which the Master proclaimed. The best thing that life gives is, therefore, a devout and reverent temper, which sees through all forms and shows and illusions the glow of divinity. Nothing is so easily lost as this power of high spiritual perception. The smirch of worldliness and selfishness is deadly to the delicate flower of the soul, fed by celestial dews and warmed by the sun of heaven.

We may believe ourselves equal to serving God and what Jesus called Mammon—a generic term that embraces the whole lower nature—in equal proportions, in dividing ourselves in such fine and subtle measure that both may receive the proper amount of attention, and neither perish. But the spiritual perishes, if it is thus shared. The other half must be lifted up until the whole of life is consecrated and vital with the consciousness of the ever-present God. The spiritual gift is exacting. It will be recognised as the best. It demands nutriment, tendance, nurture. It cannot be put away and left to itself. It includes all beautiful humanities. Love is entwined, and duty, and friendship, and simple, plain, right-doing, and just thinking, so that, when we have the perception of this good life, we find it embraces all that is noble, worthy, chivalrous, all ideal excellence as dissevered from low motives of interest, low grounds of fear and calculation.

It becomes a second nature that responds to every appeal of heroism and moral loveliness. Some may perhaps tell us that alert intellect, high cultivation, the gift of knowledge, worthy ambitions, the better forms of success, leaving out of sight greed and avarice, are the best things. But these may all be arid and barren without a well-spring in the soul fed by the river of God. Perfunctory excellence is not inspiration. The moral rule of thumb may insure exact obedience, but moral enthusiasm is the delight of good living. Spiritual emancipation is the principle of growth. To be hidebound in a creed, however excellent, that demands no personal initiative, may kill the tender shoots of the higher life. We can never be just through an act of Parliament or a law of Congress unless we feel the vital significance of such enactments as laying hold on righteousness deeper than the letter. We speak of love as the best and greatest blessing; but love itself constantly needs new purification, new vision, new acts of consecration, that the breath of the spirit can alone bring.

So the best of all things is oneness with the divine mind, the personal and intimate relation which constitutes the secret of the religious life. Many doubt the reality of this relation. They have never experienced it.

They do not know what it means. Neither do the blind know the sun, nor the deaf the harmonies of music, but because of their misfortunes we need not deny what is patent to our senses. The blind and deaf of soul are more to be pitied; but their condition should not be a discouragement, but a warning.

Those who tried all things have run after strange divinities and archaic cults. Those whose fancied best has proved wormwood and gall, those who have made a mad snatch at material things as the ultimate good, have been cheated and deceived, and pierced by hidden thorns. Will they not in time turn to the only source of comfort and rest? Multitudes have gone astray like lost children who know not where the Father is, who cry for him in the night, who feel the unutterable pain of the spiritually orphaned, who, though they have all the world can give, have not the pulsating sense of the divine in all life and all experience, the direct revelation of God made to the individual soul.

The Wing of Faith.

O bird of God! unto the saint
Thou stretchest out thy wing:
Strong in thy strength, he will not faint,
But, ever rising, sing.

Strongest of winged creatures thou,
Great eagle of our God!
From what vast eyrie bendest now
Where feet have never trod,

To watch the world of waiting men,
And soothe their tired eyes,
To lift them out of earthly ken
Into thy mysteries?

Where, eagle of the Lord! hast borne—
Into what unknown bliss—
The weary ones from beds of thorn,
The dear ones that we miss?

Out in the dark we follow thee,
We seek the setting sun.
What untold glories shall we see
Before the flight be done!

O bird of God! unto the saint
Thou stretchest out thy wing:
Strong in thy strength, he shall not faint,
But, ever rising, sing.

ANNIE FIELDS.

Exuberant Forces.

WE have come upon one of the seasons in the cycles of the world's history when great forces have suddenly been let loose; and all the world is teeming with new ideas, new possibilities, new manifestations of force in the natural world and in human life. This world is not different in kind from the world as it was a hundred or a thousand years ago; but it is different in the rapidity with which things grow. Men and women who are adapted to the staid and quiet progress of fifty years ago, or even those who began their active life twenty-five years ago, are now caught as in a whirlwind of new sensations, new duties, and new needs. Old things have passed away. That which fitted men and women to work in the old ways, and to enjoy life as it formerly opened to them, have now to make sudden changes, in order to live in peace and to prosper in this tumultuous world of change.

Wireless telegraphy, X-rays, chemical analysis of ores, and new methods of smelting them are only tokens of the countless new ways of dealing with nature and natural forces which have in the last ten years doubled, if not quadrupled, the available capital of the world. That which has happened in the world of business has come to pass everywhere. We now know that there is no dead matter, and that no form of matter has a fixed constitution with an unchangeable structure, but is, to the eyes and minds that are prepared to study it, as fluent as water and as transparent as glass, and that everywhere all things are in motion. Creeds, philosophies, sciences, modes of doing business, and forms of religious thought are all fluent and changeable. Great ideas are simmering and bubbling, and bursting forth in politics, in sociology, in all the relations of men in Church and State, in the home and in society.

In this exuberance of forces, in this bursting forth of life, evil abounds and increases as well as the good, because the more power exerted in any way, whether in morals or in mechanics, the greater the danger of evil and the possibility of good. For "evil" is only a word by which we describe power mis-

directed or undirected,—misdirected to wrong ends or undirected to good ends; while the "good" is power controlled, rightly guided, and used for beneficent ends. If there is an increase of evil in the world, that is a sign of life; and it is a challenge to all good men and women to step into the places of power, and control the new energies that are set free for the nobler ends of a better life. He who sits down to criticise the evil and to bemoan the threatening aspect of affairs is like one who should think that the tempest, the thunder, the lightning, and the deluge of rain were evil forces let loose to destroy the work of the husbandman. Whatever is black and portentous in the signs of the times marks only the coming of a tempest which will pass, and leave to those who are prepared, opportunities such as increased fertility brings to the husbandman.

The old person now is the one who is afraid, who can only criticise, who wishes he could fly away and be at rest, who withdraws from the strife of an evil time because his heart faints and his courage fails him. The young person is the one who sees in the outflowing energies of nature and human life at this time the flood, which, if it be ridden, will lead on to fame and fortune, to better living, and a more beautiful order of society. The old person, at whatever age, ceases to understand new things or to attempt them. They who are young, whether at twenty or ninety years of age, see that for the world at large great things are coming to pass, and that greater things will be due when men and women are wise enough and good enough to join the sons of light, the sons of the morning, who are always rejoicing in God's habitable earth, while they share in his work of creation.

Above we called this a season of fertility. There are seasons in the cycles of progress. There are times when energies seem to sleep, although they are never dead and never inactive. Meanwhile knowledge of them increases, experiment and influence teach wisdom, until many minds at work in many ways come all together in sight of new laws and new applications of law. Then things begin to move. A fulness of time has come. The new times now demand new men, with new thoughts, larger purposes, nobler ambitions and a more cheerful courage. It seems to us that if in anything in this life we can say that we know the mind of God, we can say that he has given to those who are worthy of it a commission to prepare themselves, and all who come within the range of their influence, for the beautiful new tasks of the new time. If any church or any religion has any right to be, it is now charged with the duty to raise up a new generation of men and women fit to control the forces which must devastate the earth or turn it, in all its desert places, into a garden of the Lord.

Prayer.

O God, who makest cheerfulness the companion of strength, but apt to take wings in time of sorrow, we humbly beseech thee that if, in thy sovereign wisdom thou sendest weakness, yet for thy mercy's sake deny us not the comfort of patience. Lay not more upon us, O heavenly Father, than thou wilt enable us to bear, and, since the fretfulness of our spirits is more hurtful than the heaviness of our burden, grant us that heavenly calmness which comes of owning thy hand in all things, and patience in trust that thou doest all things well. Amen.—*Rowland Williams.*

We cannot too highly honour or carefully remember the words in which Abraham Lincoln stated his religious belief. He said: "I have never united myself to any Church. I found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long and complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterise their articles of belief and confession of faith. When any Church will inscribe over its altars, as its sole qualification for membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself,' that Church shall I join with all my heart and soul."

Notes and Jottings.

THE Report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline which, according to infallible newspapers, was to have sent a thrill of horror down the British spine, seems to have made little stir after all. This may be due to the fact that most of us are far too busy to find time to wade through such a sea of evidence. When the volume has been compressed, when, to vary the metaphor, its most savoury bits have been served up for us in dainty extracts we may still hope to get our money's worth of shock.

Perhaps if the Bishop of London would leave Mr. Kensit alone this gentleman might kindly engage on the work. This somehow reminds one of a Mr. Edward Carpenter's recipe for elaborate cookery: "Serve up hot and throw out of the window."

In the meantime we imagine that nothing better will be furnished than the account in the *Tribune* of July 16th, of a service at the Anglican Church of St. Clement's, Lever Street, St. Luke's, London, where with hardly even slight alterations a full service of the Roman Mass was duly celebrated without the public coming up to the rail and taking communion. The ceremony was of course performed with infinite varieties of bowings, genuflections, and prostrations, and apparently after the consecrating words the wafer and afterwards the wine were adored. This kind of thing moves us not, except to pity for the state of the Church of England. One cannot help being pained to see it torn in pieces by internal factions. Yet this needs must be unless the Church of England becomes either a consistently bound church or a consistently free church. Comprehension seemed by explaining away now the Protestantism, and now, the Catholicism, and by denying now this point and now that in the articles, rubrics, and confessions of a Church intended to be governed by them, cannot but lead to disaster—and a disaster that is not merely ecclesiastical, but moral and spiritual. To put the matter plainly, if the Broad-Church clergy adopt an ethic of creed-conformity which will permit them to literalise (or as some would say to unitarianise) 'from within,' it is difficult to see what standards of honour or veracity should prevent the advanced Catholics from romanising 'from within.'

The Ritualist controversy, like almost every other controversy, raises a dust of false issues. When the popular passion of "No Popery" is thoroughly aroused, men, in their hate, blindly confound the plea for symbol and act with the plea for sacerdotal ritual. They forget that even secular life is full of symbolism and ritual. There is no small pomp and circumstance when one of His Majesty's Judges holds an assize. He appears in the scarlet and Babylonian abomination of judicial robes, attended by High Sheriff, Chaplain, Marshal, trumpeters, and javelin-men. The Under-Sheriff carries a 'bauble' in the shape of a wand of office. Barristers wear gowns and wigs. The Court rises on the entrance of the Judge, who represents the King and the Majesty of Law. Similarly a Mayor has special "vestments" and chain of office, and his entrance on municipal occasions is preceded by a kind of gorgeous acolyte bearing the civic mace. Friendly societies and free-masons have their own high ceremonial and mystic rites. The soldier salutes the Flag as the symbol of his Fatherland. In fact we cannot bow to a friend, shake hands, take a lady in to dinner without ritual. Of course the ritual may be trivial or dignified, sublime or ridiculous, but we cannot utterly do away with it. The sturdy Welsh Non-conformists who solemnly walk in procession coniscate in the Gorsedd ceremony of the National Eisteddfod, regard themselves and the Druidic robes and symbols (designed by Herkomer) with a touching seriousness, would doubtless turn purple with rage at the "mummery" of such a service as the *Tribune* described.

They might do so and yet be consistent if what they protested against was either the unfitness of the symbol or the dogma which the symbol seemed to express. The cure for ritualism is a franker use of the ministry of art in public worship. A really artistic symbolism would very soon kill such sacerdotal symbolism as is merely arbitrary,

traditional, and heraldic. The Oxford Tractarians did not really attempt to introduce an artistic and intrinsically effective symbolism. They lived too exclusively in retrospect, and their aim was not to create but to imitate. They copied and mimiced the antique customs and "uses" of mediæval catholicism. The main intention of their symbolism was not to give expression to Beauty as a divine reality, but to perform miracles of sacerdotal power, and teach through visible sign the ancient creed. And if to-day some of their ritual appears beautiful to the public, it is so rather by a happy accident than design. Nothing probably could be more insultingly offensive to a strict Tractarians than to tell him he practised ritual because he loved prettiness and pageantry. But though HIS thought may have been on ecclesiastical dogma and sacerdotal power, the popular mind was quick to fix rather on the artistic than the priestly element. And the popular mind was undoubtedly right, for religion needs the ministry of art no less than art needs the ministry of religion.

The *Christian World* tells us that:—A London evangelist has thought fit to send the following postcard to one of the ministers of the Free Churches organising a bazaar in a town of some 50,000 inhabitants:—

DEAR SIR,—Had promised to attend bazaar, but on reading the circular respecting same find that you allow *infidel Unitarians* [trebly underlined] to assist in the good work. This is both a sin and a snare according to GOD'S own Word. I cannot help or approve of sin by believers.—Respectfully yours, ——— ———.

Will it be believed that the minister had not sent any invitation to the writer of this postcard, and did not know him, or know that he was in the town? The simple fact that it was the "children's opening day" of the bazaar; that "greetings from other denominations" had been sent through some of their children—Episcopalian, Congregational, Baptist, Wesleyan, Primitive, Free Methodist, and a branch mission church. But, alas! there was one little Unitarian child with its "greeting," and this name was in the list. J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.

East London.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver through his windows seen
In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited;
I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
"Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?"
"Bravely," said he; "for I of late have been
Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, THE LIVING BREAD."
O human soul! as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses ebb and flow,
To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam,
Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

No Christian society can subsist upon its own internal relations alone, and, like a monastery, shut out the confusion and cries of the world around. We acknowledge, with all Christendom, that missionary spirit is inseparable from the religious life, and that it is impossible for a people to train themselves in the school of Christ, yet remain quiet neighbours to the victims of passion, ignorance, and wrong. Where there is no sorrow felt for those to whom God is dead and the heavens are dark, no pity for those whose life is a flight from pursuing fate into the grim arms of the last enemy, no longing to seek and to save the lost, how can there be either love of God or enthusiasm of humanity? No Christian society gives any adequate expression of its essential characters unless from its heart goes forth some message of healing and entreaty to its neighbourhood, and it is but a selfish membership that looks coldly on such evangelising work.—*James Martineau.*

Sunday School Lessons from the Old Testament.

VI.

MOSES' CHILDHOOD.

(EXODUS, CHAPTERS i. 1, iv. 23)

LESSON TEXT.—"The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed."—*Psalm ix., 9.*

READ CAREFULLY chapters i. 8-12, ii. 1-22, iii. 1-11, and iv. 10-23, noting the composite character of iii. 1-7 and iv. 18-20. Pay special attention to iii. 14, 15.

I. THE NARRATIVE OF OUR LESSON.

1. After Joseph's death "a new king which knew not Joseph" afflicted the sons of Israel (i. 8-12).

2. When a massacre of the Hebrew infants is ordered, Moses, hidden in an ark of bulrushes by his mother, is found by a daughter of the king, who brings him up as her son. Having killed an Egyptian taskmaster, Moses flees to Midian (ii. 1-22).

3. God appears to him in Midian, foretells the deliverance of Israel, and, having overcome Moses' objections, sends him, with Aaron as his spokesman, to Pharoah, to demand the release of the Israelites (iii. 1-11, iv. 10-23).

II. HOW FAR IS THIS STORY HISTORICAL?

Beneath all the legendary elaboration handed down to us by these chroniclers of the eighth century we have, probably, firm historical ground beneath us when we say that Israel owes its existence, as the people of Jahweh, to the great personality who, some time prior to the settlement of the sons of Israel in Palestine, united his people as worshippers of Jahweh, and enjoined, as part of that worship, the observance of, at any rate, the rudiments of a moral law such as that which we find in a much more developed form in the "Book of the Covenant" (Exodus, chapters xx.-xxiii.). In linking, however slenderly, the stern worship of Jahweh with the righteousness which exalteth a nation, Moses laid the foundation of that national and religious life which has so powerfully moulded the whole history of civilization.

III. AUTHORSHIP OF THE PASSAGES BEFORE US.

As their whole colour and tone would lead us to infer, they belong to the history book of the eighth century (JE). Chapters i. 8-12, ii. 1-22 belong to E. Chapter iii. 1-11 is composite, E and J, as we can see for ourselves, being closely interwoven. Chapter iv. 10-23 is mainly J, with interpolations from E. Suggestive points in this connection are that iii. 9 practically repeats iii. 7; that iv. 17 speaks of the *signs* to be done with the rod, whereas iv. 1-9 only knows of one; iv. 19 is not the sequel of iv. 18; in iv. 21 the wonders are to be done before Pharaoh; in iv. 1-9 they are for the purpose of convincing the people. Note particularly that E, who has hitherto used Elohim for the God of Israel, now gives (iii. 14, 15) his explanation of the origin of the name Jahweh, which he, from now on, also uses in his narrative. It is consequently very difficult for the ordinary reader to distinguish J from E, though the distinction between JE and P is easily traced.

IV. NOTEWORTHY POINTS.

1. It is impossible to say how long after Joseph the oppression began, or how long it lasted. In Exodus i. 8-12 it would seem as though it began not long after Joseph's death, and lasted only during the reign of the Pharaoh of verse 11 and part of that of his successor (ii. 23). But in Genesis xv. 13 the slavery lasts 400 years; in Exodus xii. 40 the whole sojourn in Egypt is 430 years; in Genesis xv. 16 the return to Palestine occurs in the fourth generation from Israel's arrival in Egypt. We are dealing with legendary material; not with trustworthy chronological data.

2. To JE, apparently, Moses was of unknown parentage. The later chronicler in vi. 20 names Amram and Jochebed as the parents of Moses. It is useless to ask whence he obtained the names. Although the name of Moses' sister is not given in chapter ii., E tells us in xv. 20 that she was called Miriam.

The chronicler forgets in ii. 10 (see R. V. margin) that Pharaoh's daughter was not likely to speak Hebrew.

4. The story of Moses and Zipporah in ii. 16-21 reminds us of that of Rachel and that of Rebekah (Lessons viii., x.).

5. Jethro, the priest of Midian (iii. 1), is called Reuel in ii. 18. So also in Numbers x. 29. There were apparently, at one time, two versions of the story current.

6. The derivation of the name Jahweh (from Ehyeh, R. V. margin), given by E in iii. 14, is extremely doubtful. No conjecture as to the origin of the name carries great weight, but that a perfectly abstract conception like this could be used for the God whom JE pictures is contrary to all the evidence.

7. Jahweh is presented in iii. 18 as counselling Moses to ask release from Egypt on a false pretext. Verse 22 also refers, apparently, to a loan for this pretended three days' journey. These early chroniclers find no difficulty in conceptions of God's ways which at once arrest a more reflective mind.

8. It will probably surprise us to be reminded by P in vii. 7 that Moses was eighty years old when he went to speak to Pharaoh. The early story gives the impression that he was much younger.

V. LESSON HINTS.

1. Compare the training of Moses in Midian, with that of Gautama, Mahomet, Elijah, and

John the Baptist. Men like these are not born of the chatter of the streets.

2. Note the office of great personalities in religion as well as in history. What one man can do.

3. Analyse the alternative suggested in Heb. xi. 24, 25, in the case of Moses, and more modern instances.

VI. QUESTIONS.

1. Suggest points which show differing traditions about Moses.

2. Is the story of the Egyptian princess probable? If not, why not?

3. What do we really know about Moses?

4. Does a strong character commonly grow fast? or, on the other hand, does it require time and quiet? Give instances.

5. Are the noisy, superficial qualities those that do most and last longest? "Smooth runs the water, when the brook is deep."

6. Is the connection between religion and right conduct essential? Have there ever been immoral religions? Distinguish between feeling good and being good.

News from the Field.

THE months and seasons come and go, and with them the variations of our communal life.

A new set of ministerial appointments have to be recorded. Our monthly issue can hardly keep pace with the rapid changes which take place. The *Rev. J. I. Jones, B.A.*, goes to *Accrington*, the *Rev. Edgar Lockett* crosses the Channel, and takes up his ministry at *Banbridge;* the *Rev. Eustace Thompson* also goes to Ireland, and begins at the Domestic Mission in *Belfast;* the *Rev. J. J. Shaw, M.A.*, is promptly to start his work at *Wolverhampton;* and, after a long interval, *Darlington* once again has a minister, the *Rev. S. S. Brettell, M.A.*

We note the retirement of *Rev. P. E. Richards, B.A.*, from the assistantship at *Halifax*, and the close of his long and honourable ministry there of the *Rev. F. E. Millson*, who for forty years has strenuously laboured, and who will long be held in pleasing remembrance.

The *Rev. H. E. Perry* has been installed at *Denton*, and the *Rev. G. J. Slipper* at *Moneyrea*. At both places the new men begin under favourable auspices.

The *Rev. W. Lindsay* retires from his work at *Christ Church, Nottingham*, and we hear that the *Rev. H. S. Tayler, B.A.*, is to take up work at *Chesterfield*.

The *Rev. E. A. Voysey, B.A.*, has received an invitation to the pastorate at *Swansea*, while other congregations are also seeking his services.

So manifold are the changes to be recorded in a month, but all are indications of life and activity.

At *Willert Street, Manchester*, the foundation stone of additional premises at our Mission there has been laid by our venerable friend, the *Rev. S. A. Steinthal;* the *Sunday School Union* has held its great Annual Meetings in the *Free Trade Hall, Manchester*, which was crowded with thousands of scholars and teachers, to whom *Mr. George Smith* most suitably spoke; the *Yorkshire Union* celebrated its Anniversary at *Halifax;* our Irish friends were in good spirits at their *Non-subscribing Meeting*, and the *Remonstrant Synod* at *Belfast*.

Activity blended with pleasant social life characterised the work of the month, and everywhere a spirit of enterprise was manifested.

Notably, has this been the case with the "Van Mission." This new wandering pulpit of our faith has gone into all sorts of outlying places, and has drawn interested auditors from field and factory, as well as from the desk and shop, to listen to our bright gospel message, and the Missioners with one accord tell the story of their adventures, like new acts of the Apostles, with glad hearts and cheerful tongues, and modestly record the influence of their message on the thoughts and lives of many of those who, drawn together by curiosity, have stayed to show their earnest acceptance of the blessed truths they have heard set forth. Evidently this new venture of the Missionary Conference has come at the right moment and will serve a noble purpose.

At *Windermere*, services are to be held during these summer months, and the *Rev. D. Walmsley* is to be the Missioner, while at *Douglas* the Missionary Conference is to carry on services with the intent of establishing a permanent Church or Churches on the Island.

While we at home have thus been toiling on God's great field, our American brethren have been celebrating their Anniversaries with great *éclat*, assisted by our friend from Birmingham, the *Rev. Joseph Wood*. He has been helping there while *Dr. Crothers* from *Cambridge*, United States, has supplied at *Birmingham*, and rendered splendid service in many parts of England, thus establishing the unity of our Churches among the English-speaking people all over the world, and drawing closer, if possible, the bonds of love and sympathy which already bind us together. *Mr. Wood* has fittingly interpreted the best life of our Churches in England to our brethren in the United States, and Dr. Crothers, with fine spirit and noble power, has made us feel how lofty is the inspiration of our American co-religionists. Thanks are due to these good men, and both will be welcomed with glad acclaim when they take up their own posts of duty once again.

May we not, with a passing word, note the remarkable success of the youngest son of the *Rev. J. C. Street*, of *Shrewsbury*. Only 12½ years old, the boy *James Martineau Street*, has just taken a classical scholarship of £100 a year

at the Clifton College. Everyone will wish the boy a career of brilliant success and usefulness.

We note that *C. F. Aked*, of Liverpool, has laid down the D.D., which an American University had conferred upon him, because he is unwilling to bear a title which in other men represents academical work and distinction, and he prefers to be known simply by his own name. Many others, we hear, are likely to follow his example.

The pen of our friend, *E. W. Lummis*, is growingly busy, and it even flies into poetic regions. We hope this activity bespeaks his speedy return to our ranks at home, among the best and most cultured of our workers.

A change has taken place at *Willaston School*. Its first Principal has gone to a new sphere in *South Africa*, and *H. L. Jones, M.A.*, has been called to the highest place in the School, and every one is looking forward with interest and hope to brighter and more successful days for this well-equipped and endowed school for the training of the youths belonging to our various Churches.

Our Colleges at *Oxford*, *Carmarthen*, and *Manchester* have been telling the story of their work for the year that has gone, and noting the changes which have occurred. *Dr. Drummond* lays down his *Principalship* after many years of devoted and noble service at *Oxford*, and *Dr. J. E. Carpenter*, who has gained new honours and distinction, takes up the burden of the work as Principal.—*Carmarthen* has no new story to tell, save of the successes of some of its students at the B.D. Examinations, but it goes on its broad, enlightening way, showing how easy it is for brethren of differing faiths to live, and work, and think together in the unity of the spirit and the bonds of love, while Manchester, rejoicing in its splendid new home, in the brilliant successes of its students, in the magnificent work of its alumni, and their co-operation in all that concerns its highest welfare, goes forward on its progressive way, and, with a high standard of culture, and a breath of Missionaryism in all its aims and works, faces the future with sunny hope, and unfaltering faith. Better days are evidently in store for all our Colleges.

The *Missionary Conference* has held its 46th meeting. It was never so numerous in its membership, or so living and active in its work. There is a breath of life in all its doings, and its members are a band of brothers united in the warmest fellowship, and goodwill. They go back to their special fields of labour feeling that love and brotherhood are reached out to them from all parts of the country.

One of its members, the *Rev. W. C. Hall, M.A.*, spoke fittingly at *Birmingham*, in the *Town Hall*, to a great gathering of Sunday scholars and teachers. The fine auditorium was crowded by an interested and excited group, gathered together from our various congregations in the active city.

The *Provincial Assembly* of *Lancashire* and *Cheshire* was very earnest and zealous. It spoke in clear language on great social and religious questions, and demanded education given in a religious spirit, but, so far as the State was concerned, secular, compulsory, and free. All its services, conferences, and social gatherings were full of life and activity.

The *Postal Mission* is continually enlarging its work, and winning new adherents all over the country.

Our venerable friend, the *Rev. J. K. Montgomery*, of *Chester*, has passed his 90th year with all his powers alert and fresh as ever. Congratulations have poured in upon him. His career has been one of wonderful vitality and undimned faith. We respectfully tender our respect and admiration to this patriarchal "Seed Sower."

And now we lay our wreath of honour, admiration, and respect on noble men and women, who have died among us, leaving unsullied records, and who are numbered with those who in circles lovelier than the rainbow, surround the throne of God.

We note the passing away of *Mrs. Geo. Buckton* of *Oxford*, *Elizabeth Parsons Channing* of *Boston U.S.A.*, *J. A. Harrison* of *Hastings*, *Rev. J. J. Bishop B.A.* of *Portland*, *Rev. R. C. Moore* of *Horwich*, *W. Smith* of *Evesham*, *John Smith* of *Chowbent*, *Mrs. Mills* of *Accrington*, *Joseph Greenwood* of *Staleybridge*, *John Griffiths* of *Glamorganshire*, *Rev. J. C. Woods B.A.* of *Adelaide*, and last, but not least, not of our little circle, but of the wide circle of humanity, the pure-minded, devoted, moral hero, Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Of each of these it would be easy to write—but they all form part of that great roll of honour, which is blazoned forth with glory and distinction as an inspiration to us all.

SCRUTATOR.

July 14th, 1906.

FAITH is a sort of sight-draft which we draw upon the goodness of things for our needs in the business of living. Our only trouble is that we never make our drafts large enough.—*Harry White.*

So many thoughts are just touched and laid aside, half thought and then forgotten, that it is pitiable how much is wasted in ourselves. We go through the meadows of our own hearts crushing with a careless step the flowers. There is no need to walk so fast.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

The Children's Page.

A Song for School.

Some boys, when they come into school,
(And some girls, too)
I grieve to be obliged to say
That this is what they do:
They wriggle
And jiggle;
They hang their heads
And giggle;
They twitter
And titter;
They bounce and flounce
And flitter.
Whatever thoughts their minds may fill,
They've *no* idea of keeping still.

Some boys, when they take up their books,
(And some girls, too)
I weep to be obliged to say
That this is what they do:
They batter them,
They tatter them;
They crumple, rumple,
Scatter them;
They scrawl them
And maul them;
They snatch and pull
And haul them.
It makes me *very* sad to state
A school book's is a wretched fate.

Some boys, when they stand up in class,
(And some girls, too)
Imagination it will pass
To see the things they do!
They shuffle
And scuffle;
They sneeze and wheeze
And snuffle;
They splutter
And mutter
And stut-tut-tut-
Tut-tutter;
They fumble
And stumble
They grin and gasp
And grumble.
Oh, if they *knew* how they appear,
They'd try to mend their ways, that's clear!

Laura E. Richards.

What Mrs. Squirrel thinks.

The old apple-tree in the corner by the lane is hollow. There is a hole in the trunk of the tree near the top. Here lives a little family of squirrels.

One day Mr. Squirrel ran up the tree as fast as he could go. "My dear," said he to his wife, when he was safe in the hole again, "I was afraid I should never reach home alive."

"Have those boys been throwing stones at you again?" asked Mrs. Squirrel.

"Stones?" repeated Mr. Squirrel with an angry whisk of his tail. "They were rocks! They were as big as apples!"

"Rocks are bigger than apples," said Mrs. Squirrel. "Still I must say it is a shame. You have never done anything to hurt those boys."

"They don't think of that," said Mr. Squirrel, who was really angry.

"And our dear little ones are not yet big enough to hunt for nuts," said Mrs. Squirrel. "They might starve if you never came home."

"Boys don't think of that," said her husband.

"You are so little and they are so big," said Mrs. Squirrel.

"They don't think of that," said Mr. Squirrel.

"Don't they know how to think?" asked his wife. "Perhaps they are stupid after all."

"They think it is fun to see me run," said Mr. Squirrel. "And that seems to be all the thinking that they are able to do."

"That is like a baby," said Mrs. Squirrel, gravely. "It is very sad to grow up to be stupid. I am glad our children know more than that."

Mr. Squirrel whisked his tail over his head, and took up a nut from a pile in the corner. But Mrs. Squirrel was not thinking about her dinner.

"Poor boys!" said she. "How dreadful to be so stupid as not to be able to think!"

Prayer is not so much a word or an act: it is a certain condition of the soul to receive influences from spiritual fountains of power. —*Frank Walters.*